



AM PHOTO LITHOGR CO N Y J. J. HUNTER & SONS

Munchausen Hunt.





E. W. Kemble

1884









SUGGESTION TO THE CLERGY



BEEN HELD UP BEFORE.

TERRIFIED PASSENGER (*on Western train*).—How can you remain so cool at such a terrible time?

UNCONCERNED PASSENGER.—Oh, this is nothing—you ought to go to one of the church fairs, down where I come from!



1



2



3

SOME INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPHS

STRANGE VIEWS OF LIFE ACTION

AGENTMAN WALKING



GOLF PLAYER IN ACTION (VIEW FROM BELOW)



MAN ALIGHTING FROM MOVING CABLE CAR



THE PEDAL MOUNT



A LEAGUE PLAYER AT BAT



A PRETTY DRAW AT BILLIARDS



THE BAG PUNCHER EXERCISING



THE INDIAN CLUB SWINGER



(VIEW FROM ABOVE)

Foster



Miss S. H. Lee, one of the most famous, most famous, most famous.

THE DAILY GRAPHIC

An Illustrated Evening Newspaper.

VOL. V.

All the News,
Four Shillings Daily.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1874.

Six Pence per Year in Advance.
Single Copies Five Pence.

NO. 472



THE LESSON OF THE DAY.

Children—LOOK, WE SEE, STAMEN IN FLOW, AND WITH IT SEED-TIME. FATHERS (STILL) WE HAVE A PROSPEROUS CROPS, AND OF THE WIFE ALL MUST SAY 'TIS TRUE. WE SHALL HAVE AGAIN THE
LAST OF SEED-TIME?



WASTED ENERGY.

VOL 6.

№154

THE JUDGE.

Price

NEW YORK, September 27, 1888.

10 Cents.



Another vote for Cleveland.

Texas Siftings.

8

TEXAS



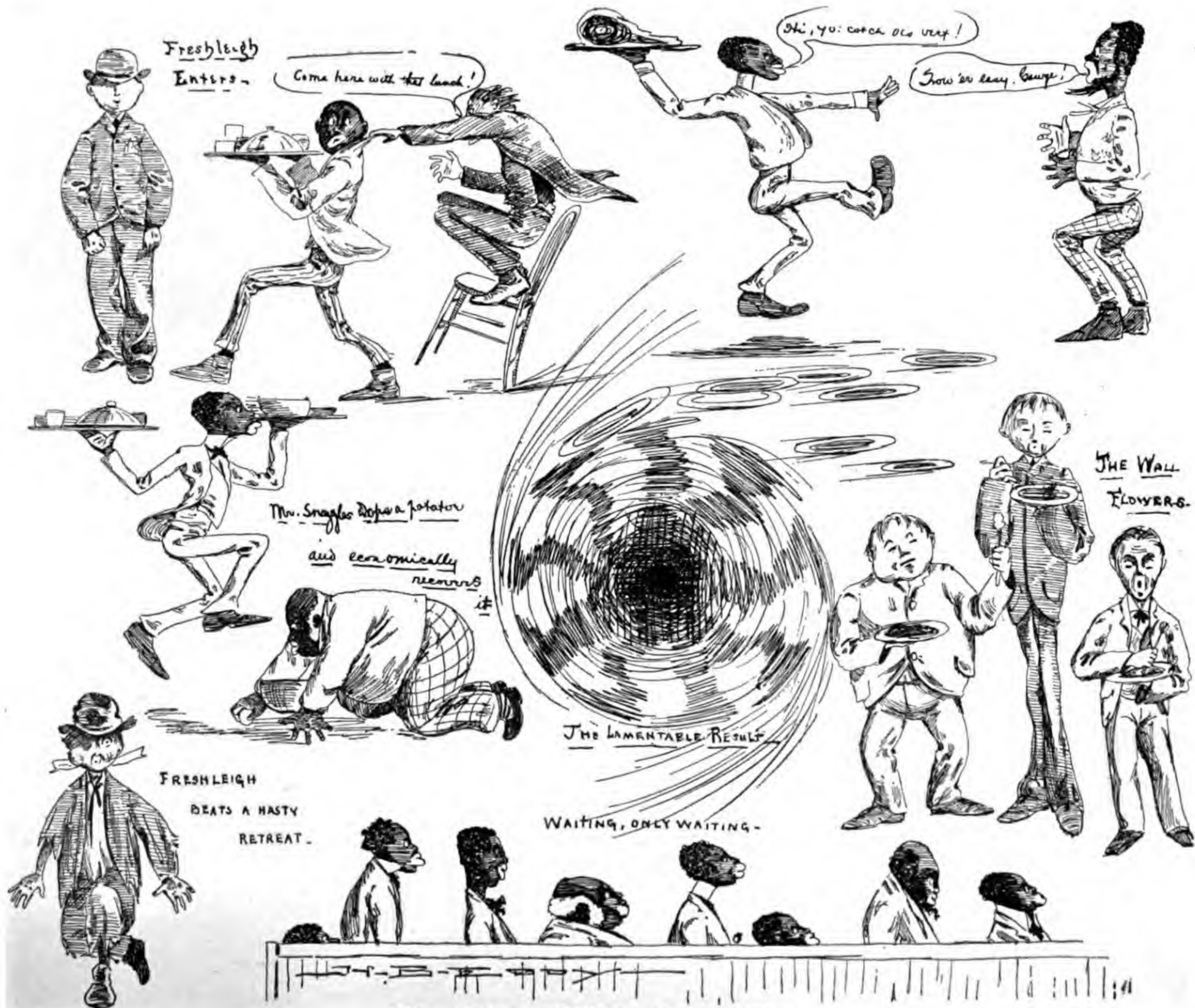
9

SIFTINGS



SPRING NUMBER.

PRICE 10 CTS.



THE "HOTEL-SYSTEM" AT MEMORIAL.

AT THE CIRCUS IN HOGAN'S ALLEY.

The Clown--Ladies and gents, please note dar marvellous grace wid which Here Srengeit sweeps troo der paper disc--please keep yer spain fur next comes Madame Sans Jane der champion bür-- (I mean dog-back) nider of Her world.



A LITTLE NOW AND THEN



THE GREAT ILLUSTRATED
Gripes of the Postmaster General
by Mrs. Stone

THE GREAT ILLUSTRATED
Gripes of the Postmaster General
by Mrs. Stone

THE GREAT ILLUSTRATED
Gripes of the Postmaster General
by Mrs. Stone



THE GREAT ILLUSTRATED
Gripes of the Postmaster General
by Mrs. Stone

THE GREAT ILLUSTRATED
Gripes of the Postmaster General
by Mrs. Stone



THE GREAT ILLUSTRATED
Gripes of the Postmaster General
by Mrs. Stone

THE GREAT ILLUSTRATED
Gripes of the Postmaster General
by Mrs. Stone

THE GREAT ILLUSTRATED
Gripes of the Postmaster General
by Mrs. Stone

THE GREAT ILLUSTRATED
Gripes of the Postmaster General
by Mrs. Stone

THE GREAT ILLUSTRATED
Gripes of the Postmaster General
by Mrs. Stone



THE GREAT ILLUSTRATED
Gripes of the Postmaster General
by Mrs. Stone



THE GREAT ILLUSTRATED
Gripes of the Postmaster General
by Mrs. Stone



THE GREAT ILLUSTRATED
Gripes of the Postmaster General
by Mrs. Stone

THE GREAT ILLUSTRATED
Gripes of the Postmaster General
by Mrs. Stone



THE GREAT ILLUSTRATED
Gripes of the Postmaster General
by Mrs. Stone



THE GREAT ILLUSTRATED
Gripes of the Postmaster General
by Mrs. Stone

THE GREAT ILLUSTRATED
Gripes of the Postmaster General
by Mrs. Stone



THE GREAT ILLUSTRATED
Gripes of the Postmaster General
by Mrs. Stone

THE GREAT ILLUSTRATED
Gripes of the Postmaster General
by Mrs. Stone

THE GREAT ILLUSTRATED
Gripes of the Postmaster General
by Mrs. Stone



THE GREAT ILLUSTRATED
Gripes of the Postmaster General
by Mrs. Stone



Entered at the New York Post Office as Second-Class Mail Matter,
Copyright, 1896, by MITCHELL & MILLER.



THE ONLY LACK.

"MAY I HAVE THE PLEASURE OF THIS DANCE?"

"CERTAINLY, IF YOU CAN FIND A PARTNER."



"AN ACTRESS! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO APPEAR IN?"
"TIGHTS."

LATELY the Cause of American Education was holding its breath, for fear that Uncle Sam would gobble up the Stanford estate and Stanford University would lose its endowment. Now, not only is Stanford's endowment assured and confirmed, but there is a tale that the University of California is to be enriched to the extent of four millions by a number of donors, chief among whom is the widow of Senator Hearst. California is in no present danger of being over-educated, so this is good news; but since in the East the name of Hearst naturally suggests competition, there is a natural expectation of news that Stanford has seen this raise and will furnish education on a one cent basis until further notice. It is proper to state that this expectation is not well-founded and will not be realized.

WHAT IT IS.

JUST a little sunshine,
Just a little rain,
Just a freezing atmosphere,
Then it's warm again.
Just a little hacking cough,
With us for a day;
Just bronchitis, tonsillitis,
Or pneumonia.
Just a little maiden,
Just a word or two,
Just a case of married life—
That's the thing to do.
Just a score of hungry mouths,
Open night and day;
Just a hustle, brain and muscle,
Countless hills to pay.
Just a few friends here and there,
As things ebb and flow,
Just a little lingering,
As we see them go.
Just a little laughter,
Just a little song;
Just a tired feeling,
Lasting all life long.
Just a little sunshine,
Just a little rain:
Just a sojourn here awhile,
Then we're off again.
Tom Mason.

WHY NOT?

"DO you suppose," thundered the irate father, "that I am going to give my consent to the first man who asks my daughter to marry him?"

"I don't see why you shouldn't," replied the suitor. "She did."

SIGNS.

CLARA: Sadie must have been talking about me.

MAUDE: Why so?

"When I met her she kissed me twice."

WEE ARE OFF FOUR KLONDIKE-BY PERCY WINTERBOTTOM, INVENTOR OF THE "NEW ART"



PERCY WINTERBOTTOM.

We have organized an EXPEDISHUN TWO GO TOO KLONDIKE. No panes have bean speared to make our planz thorough. Sea us as wee start. First comes our guyed-LAUGHING VIPER, THEE PIEYUTE CHEREF. Then comes our faithfull dog, drawing the sledge with provishuns for himself. THIRD is US. WEE are well mounted on a good servicable horse. Wee have soul charge of thee expedishun. Below us is our BODY-GUARD. Next comes a HOG. Wee take him along two root out thee gold. If he refuses to work wee will kill and eat hymn. It is an experiment. After thee HOG MINIE who volunteered to go along too keep the party in a good humor. Last is a COLORED MAN with BAGS for the Gold and CAND CHICKENS Four the DOMINIE. WEE started from HOBOKEN and at this moment are almost at PATERSON. OUR CORSE is DEW NORTHWEST.

(BY PERCY WINTERBOTTOM, INVENTOR OF THE "NEW ART.")



When WE reach HOHOKUS, NOO JERSEY, OUR INNDIAN Gayed Takes an over-dose of FIRE-WATER and LOOSES THEE TRAIL. This, TOGETHER with HIS LOUD HOOPING GIVES THEE DOMINIE NERVOUS PROS-TRASHUN, and wee are obliged too give up WHAT PROMISED TOO BE A Successful PROSPECTING TOUR. WEE do knot blame "LAUGHING VIPER," OUR GUYED, BUTT WEE DEW BLAME the dominie. WEE did not want too take HYMN along, but hee said hee woud cheer our hours of sadness. THEE OLD RASKELL. THIS PICKTURE shows us in site of SEECAUCUS. THEE Dominic has our "MOUNT," and thee COLERID Man is holding him onn and driving thee horse. WEE are sketching farmers en-root, so wee will have something too SELL when WEE REECH NOO YORK. NOTE THEE TERROR OF THEE Chikens. CONFOUND THEE DOMINIE.

Seventh Lesson.

Mam-ma's Pets, were you ev-er in a Cy-clone?
Did you ev-er have the fe-lie-i-tous de-light of
see-ing a run-a-way Ice-wagon col-lide with a
Boil-er fac-tory?

Did your in-fant ears ev-er hark-en to the jol-ly
speech-es of an in-tox-i-cat-ed cook?

No? Then you can-not ap-pre-ci-ate what is
go-ing to hap-pen, and had bet-ter put Cot-ton in
your ears or they will have all the skin scraped
offen them.

The Small Boy, the in-fant Ne-ro, has a
Chest-nut Burr-r-r-r-r-r-r in his hand.

The Ele-phant has a ten-der trunk.

Also an ap-pe-tite. He will eat any-thing that
is not thin e-nough to drink.

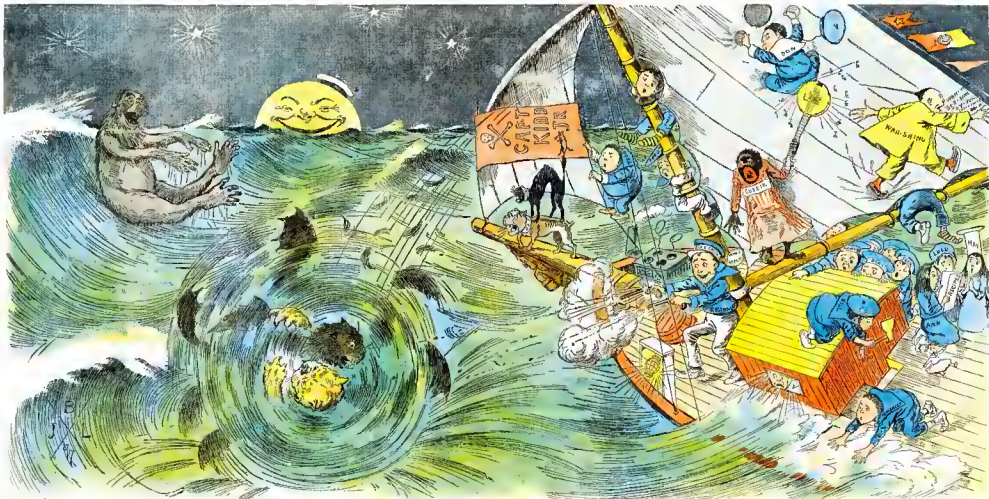
He will take the prof-fered Chest-nut Burr-r-r-r
in his trunk, and—

But let us not con-tem-plate things like this,
my chil-dren.

Let us turn from scenes of car-nage and crime
and sleb, and talk a-bout the least com-mon mul-
ti-ple, and if a her-ring and a half cost a cent
and a half, how far would a rain-drop have to
fall to split a shin-gle.



ON THE SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK.



He almost heaved his shaggy paw,
 "Wh-? you disturbed him last."
 "Opp, yonder," he said, as he turned his head
 And pointed far to the square,
 And the creek moved over his slip on
 Through the weeds and the water again.

ON THE SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK.

Tenth Lesson.

The Venus de Milo is a ve-ry beau-ti-ful piece of stat-u-ary, in her way. She is shy a couple of arms, but that keeps her from be-ing a klep-to-m-niac or a shop-lift-er.

Still, we do not want too ma-ny Venus de Milos, male or fe-male. Nei-ther does Paolo Schen-ec-ta-di-os, the im-age vend-or.

But he is not the on-ly mi-crobe in the kias!

The Small Bad Boy wants more Venus-es, and he has the un-ter-i-als for mak-ing them.

Wait till he turns that dog loose and makes him jump through the hoop.

Will the dog alight on the im-ages?

Will he? Ha! Ha! Ha!

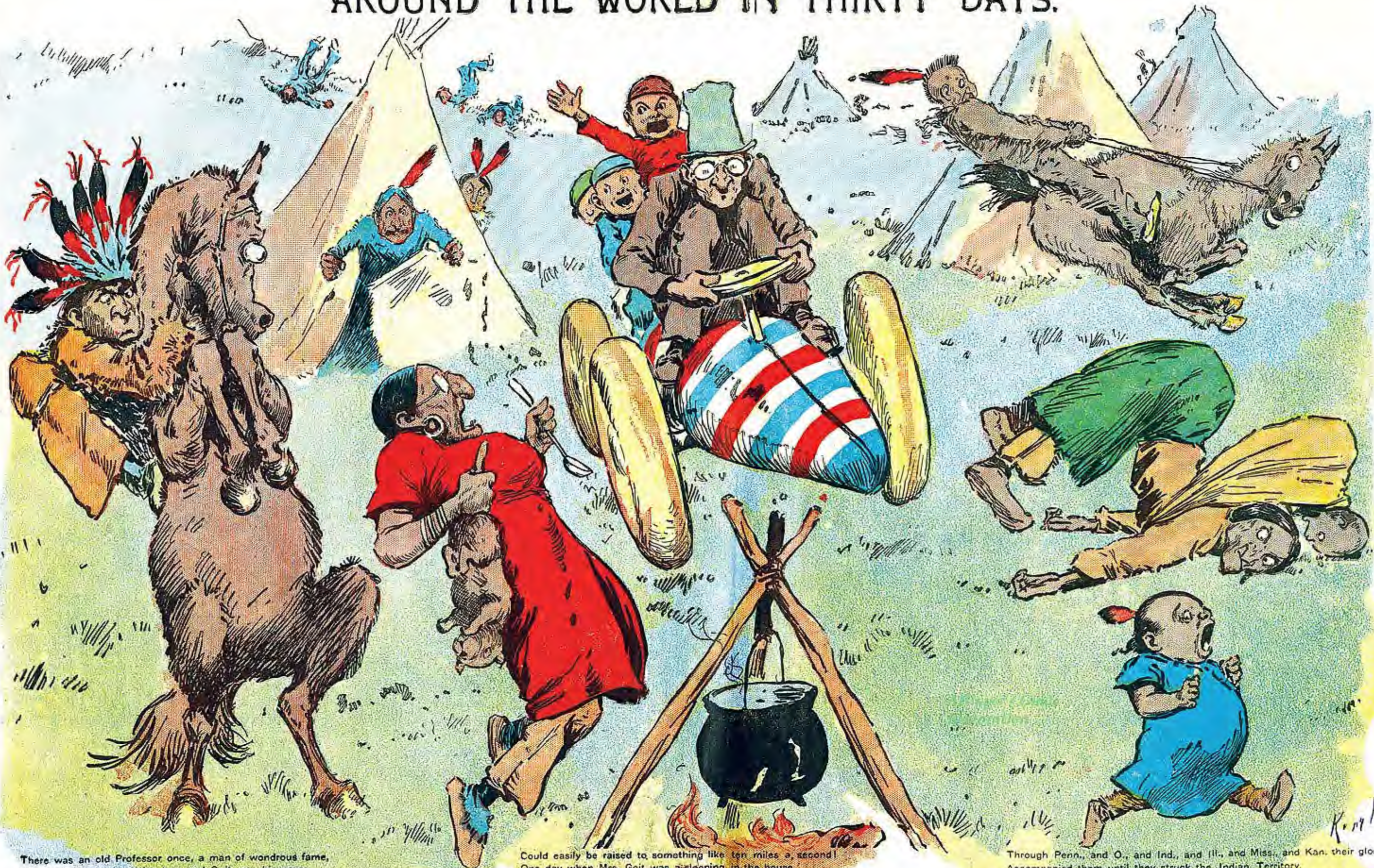
Still, the bets are up-on.

On-ly I would not bet on the im-ages.

We hope the dog will not cut his paws!



AROUND THE WORLD IN THIRTY DAYS.



There was an old Professor once, a man of wondrous fame,
Who had a great inventive turn and Goit was his name.
He also had a scolding wife, who nagged him all day long;
No matter what her husband did, she told him it was wrong.
Said he: "If I could but escape the clacking of her voice,
And get beyond the woman's reach, oh, how I would rejoice!"
He thought and thought, and finally his cerebellum keen
Evolved the wonderful idea of making a machine
That went so fast that nothing ever made could hope to match it,
And should his wife attempt to chase it, she would never catch it!
He worked for several weeks or so, then, to his great elation,
He finally accomplished what is in the illustration.
The wheels they were pneumatic, and the speed he proudly reckoned

Could easily be raised to something like ten miles a second!
One day when Mrs. Goit was a-sleeping in the house,
The old Professor quietly and softly as a mouse
Got on the new machine, and was off to quickly skip.
When three small kids cried out: "Old boy, take us on this here trip
"For if you don't, we'll tell your wife—and then what will you do?"
"Jump up, my lads!" old Goit cried, his cheeks with terror blue.
He saw there was no time to waste, so, like a flash of light,
He turned the crank and yelled: "By Jove, we're really out of sight!"
And so they were, for scarcely were his words borne on the wind,
When all the sights and sounds of home were several miles behind!
Gee whiz! Gee whiz! Oh, how they flew o'er hill and vale and mead;
They dashed upon their way with most extraordinary speed.

Through Penn., and O., and Ind., and Ill., and Miss., and Kan. their glory
Accompanied them until they struck the Indian Territory.
But when the Injuns saw the strange machine come plunky plunk
Right in their midst, I tell you they were in a dreadful funk;
They flew the spot with terror wild, and brain and nerves agog,
And o'en forgot their supper (it was consomme of dog.)
The ponies bucked and reared with fright, their eyes a-bulging out,
And all the wee papposes ran the camp with yells about.
But Goit and his little friends, they had no time to stay,
"On, on!" was still their motto, and hoop-la! they were away.
And ere the Injuns caught their breaths, and knew just what they feared,
The whole shebang across the hills had quickly disappeared!
Now, if their wild adventures after this you fain would seek,
You'll find the story on this page continued every week.

MADE IN GERMANY---REMADE IN AMERICA.

These three jokes were originally printed in Germany. Artist Ladendorf, who is a German-American, has taken them and touched 'em up. Note, however, that he has preserved the original Teutonic flavor without the aid of sauerkraut or rile-green sausages.



FIRST BROTHER—I READ HERE THAT A MAN SHOT AND
INSTANTLY KILLED HIMSELF AND WIFE
SECOND BROTHER—WHICH ONE DID HE SHOOT
FIRST.
FIRST BROTHER—THE PAPER
DOESN'T SAY.

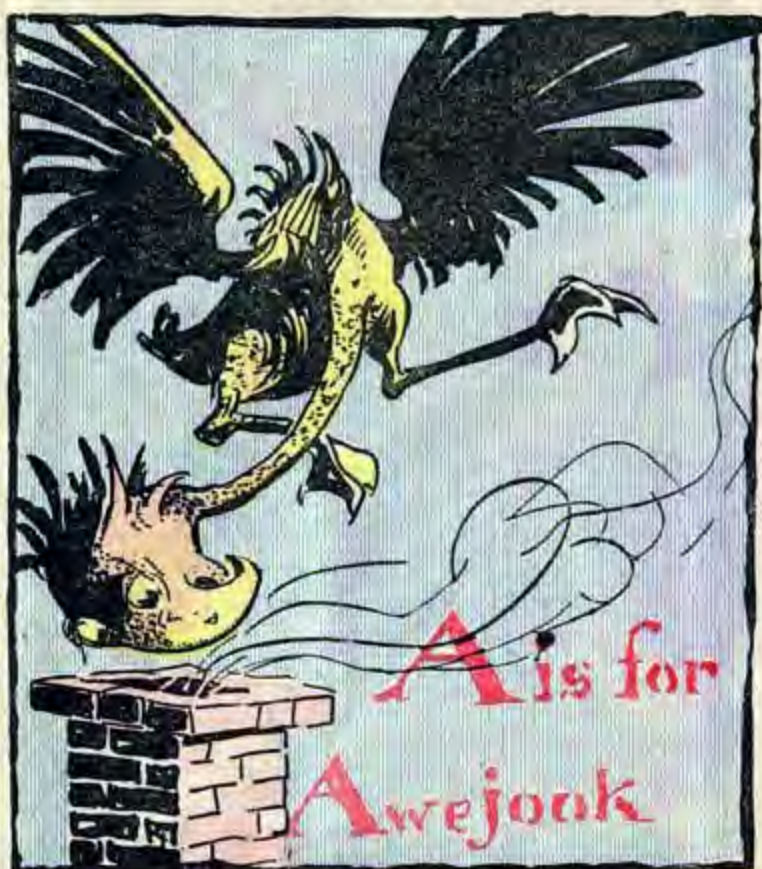
SMITH—DO YOU KNOW THAT YOU ARE
A PERFECT IMAGE OF JONES.
SNAGS—WHAT! THAT LITTLE MONKEY?



SHE—OH DEAR, LET US GO BACK; I'M SURE THE BOAT WILL SINK.
HE—NEVER MIND, IT DOESN'T BELONG TO US.

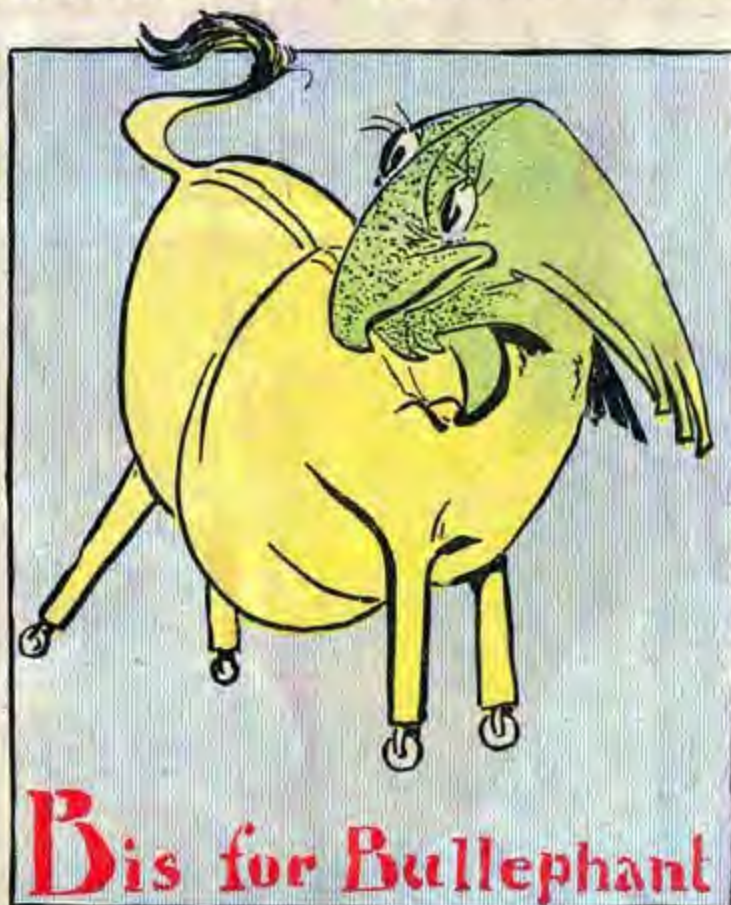
LADENDORF.

UNNATURAL HISTORY LESSONS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND PRIZE FIGHTERS.



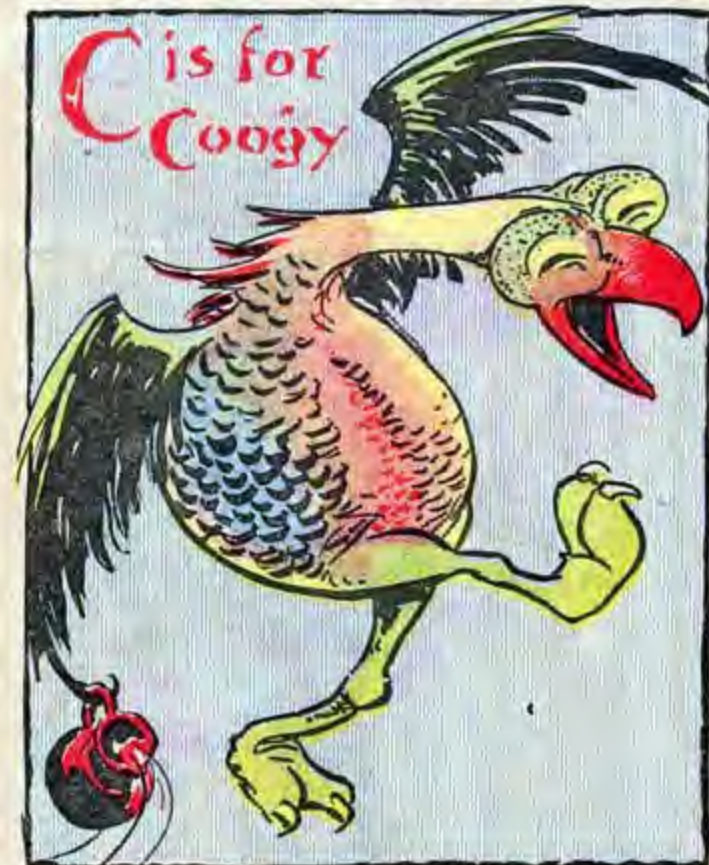
THE AWEJOOK.

The close observer will notice that the wings, legs and head of the Awejook are attached to his body. A long life spent in peering down chimneys has given him the ability to see around a corner, so he has no difficulty in looking out of the fireplaces. In this way he sometimes sees sights that would paralyze a weaker animal. He confided to his friend, the Quonk, recently, that the sights he thus sees in Fifth avenue are rather more astonishing than those in other parts of town. For instance, the other night, when Mrs. Blank was out of town, or the next night, when Mr. Dash was away on a business trip—but the Awejook wouldn't tell any more.



THE BULLEPHANT

The Bullephant belongs to the Dudunk family, and is a close relative of the Snollygibber. He looks at people, and says: "You don't tell me so!" "Well, I never!" He is all right till he loses a caster. The Bullephant lives in Harlem, and usually forgets to vote on election day.



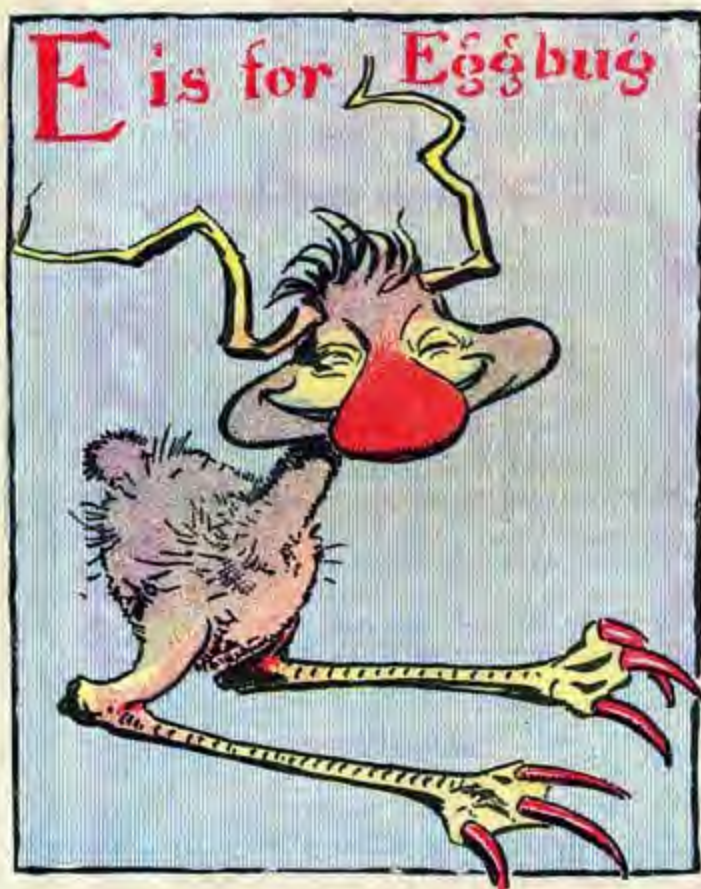
THE COOGY

The Coogy started out to be an Eagle, but took to drink. Uses his bill for a nut cracker, and always breaks the neck off the bottle instead of stopping to pull out the cork. Sometimes gets the Wunk, the Squunk and the Jobberjazzle together, and delivers a temperance lecture. The Coogy could stand on his head if he was ever sober.



THE DOOSNIKE.

When the Doosnike gets tired of walking on his hands he sometimes walks on his feet. He is a good fighter, and wears a chip on his shoulder. He has to have it glued on, of course. I once tried to borrow money of a Doosnike to get a new pad for my cell, and he caught me in the solar plexus and knocked me a mile.



THE EGGBUG

The Eggbug is a young thing. He is always young. There is no such thing as an old Eggbug. When an Eggbug begins to get old he changes into a Boosnooker. The Eggbug is hatched from an egg, but his legs are so long that they always stick out through a hole. They make good handles to carry the egg by. When the Eggbug is first hatched he gives three cheers for Kid McCoy, and begins to cackle.



THE FUZZYHUMP

The Fuzzyhump was once a wild animal and lived in Philadelphia. He was captured and brought to Central Park and domesticated. He says it is a good thing. You can't sell a gold brick to a Fuzzyhump. He reads the newspapers. He cuts his own hair with his horns, but can't get at his whiskers. I think the Fuzzyhump is crazy and ought to be shut up. Most folks outside of Bloomingdale are crazy. We were sane, and came here to get away from the others.

P.S. THIS HERE SOCIETY IS SECRET FROM EVERY BODY ESPECIALLY THE POLICE

ALPHA BET A CHIPA SOCIETY

WILL MEET NEXT FRIDAY EVENING TO INITIATE JOHNNY JONES'S DON'T FAIL TO COME - WE WON'T DO A THING TO HIM



HANG YOUR COAT HERE

R.F. Outcault

COPYRIGHT BY OUTCAULT & CONNOR 1898



MAYBE THIS CLOCK WILL GO NOW ITS GOT THESE LEGS



A BLUFFER

YOU DON'T KNOW BEANS YOU SILLY OLD FOOL COULD YOU DO SOMETHING ELSE YOU WOULDN'T TEACH SCHOOL



BOOK WORM



I AM A FOOL

HOW TO ADVERTISE

PROFANITY

PROFANITY IS A BAD THING-IT LEADS TO SWEARIN WICH IS A AWFUL HABIT CAUSE IT BRINGS ON CIGARETTE SMOKIN WICH IS AWFUL MAKES PEOPLE DRINK WHISK- EY DERE AINT NO MONEY IN WORKIN AT WHISKEY DRINKIN-EXCEPT FER DE SALOON KEEPER

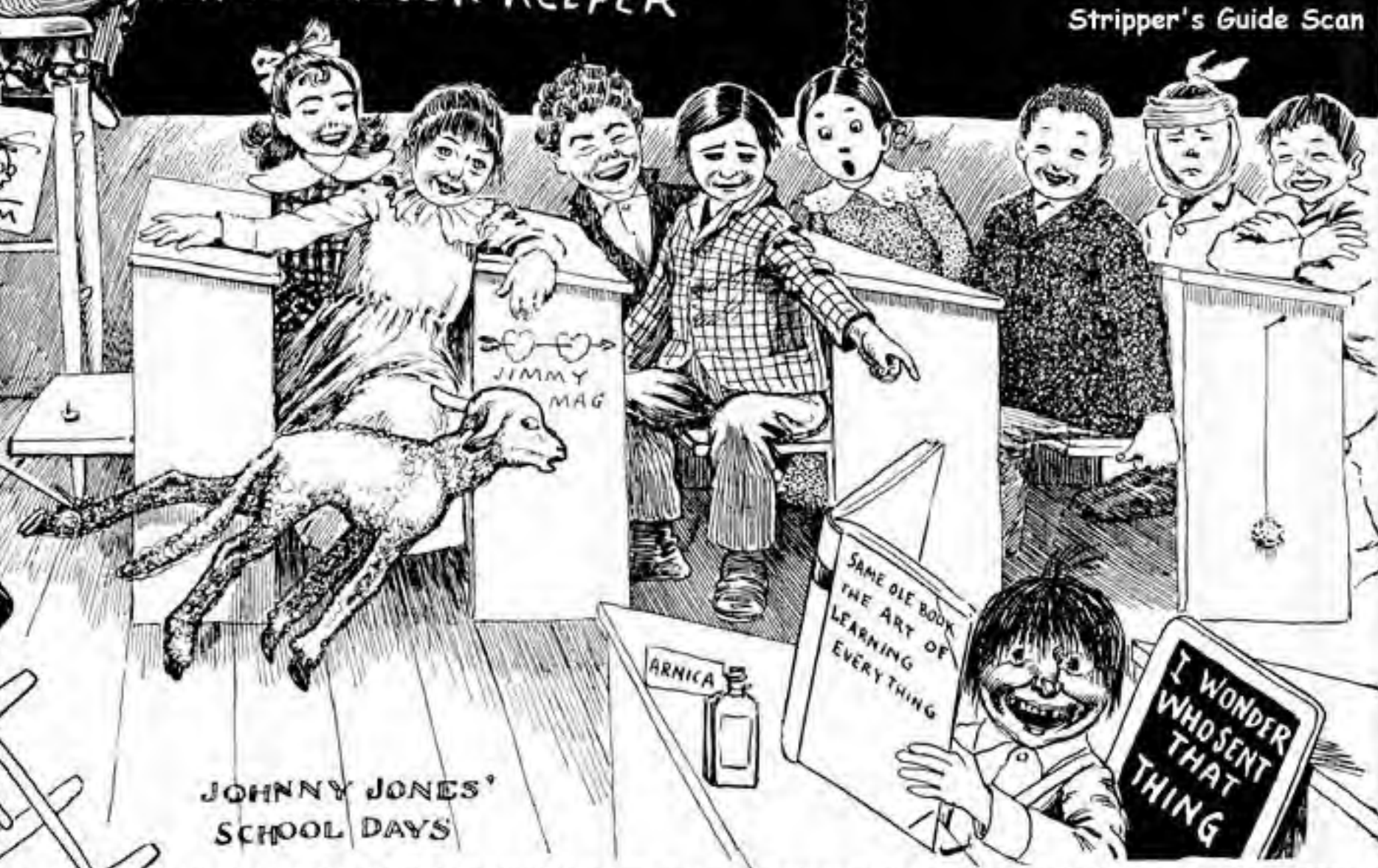
Puzzle

Who sent the valentine?

A prize of \$25.00 wont be given for the most correct answer

Johnny Jones is it.

Stripper's Guide Scan



JOHNNY JONES' SCHOOL DAYS

SAME OLE BOOK THE ART OF LEARNING EVERYTHING



I WONDER WHO SENT THAT THING



COPYRIGHT BY CONNOR & OUTCAULT 1898

JOHNNY JONES' SCHOOL DAYS



THE MANNIKINS HOLD A FAIR—MORAL:—DON'T LET YOUR HEAD GET SWELLED.



THE MANNIKINS START FOR THE KLONDIKE ON NEWLY PATENTED CONVEYANCES



...brown bread from his pocket. 'No,' said he, 'two little eggs, 30 minutes boiled, and some milk—then I shall be happy.'
 "And is this to be your dinner?" Robyn exclaimed.
 "It is enough," said Hemeny.
 And the waiters laughed.

THE REVIEWER.



JOSEBELLE SLEIGHBELL

O! I'M THE ONLY CHANTEUSE IN THE WORLD WITH THE GALLERY GODS I ALWAYS SCORE A HIT. ALTHOUGH ME SABLE COLORED HAIR IS NEVER CURLED I GUESS I'M A LOBSTER, ABER NIT.

THE VICTIMS IN THE BOXES SURE I JOSH BECAUSE YOU SEE THEY CANNOT JOSH MI BACK. O! I'M THE WARMEST NUMBER IN THE GIG, THOUGH I KNOW I MIGHT BE WARMER IN A SACQUE!



CHERMAN

IN THE SENSATIONAL DISROBING ACT.
 (ALL IMITATORS WILL BE PROSECUTED.)

...the same ball. But when all is said and done, it is polo that the club raves over and very nearly lives for. The polo field directly in front of the clubhouse, is of turf, 116 by 500 feet, encircled by a half-mile race track and is one of the finest in this country. The ponies and men are now, and have been for a long time, in training at the old Collier farm, near Bridgeton, and some exciting contests are anticipated.

Prominent polo players are Messrs. Chas.



LEANA PRANCER

SHE'S ONTO HER ROPES FOR SHE SPRINGS (NO JOKES) UP AND DOWN THE STRING. SHE JUMPS IN THE AIR WHILE THE BALDHEADS STARE AT THIS DEAR LITTLE FLYING THING. SOME THINK HER SPANISH O AND OTHERS FRENCH, BUT AS A MATTER OF FACT, IT BE THAT SHE'S NEITHER NOR NYTHET, BUT A FROLIC SOME 'BLITHER', A DEUTCHER FROM GERMANY.

...Rosa, T. R. Collins, C. D. Colman, Isaac Cook, Jr., J. S. Craven, G. L. Crawford, Eugene R. Coendet, Samuel Cupples, R. C. Dameron, H. N. Davis, J. D. Davis, John, E. Davis, R. C. Davis, John, G. F. DeLaney, Geo. P. Deane, Jr.; B. M. Deeds, W. R. Donaldson, L. D. Dwyer, G. S. Drake, F. A. Drew, H. H. Drummond, J. T. Drummond, P. G. Eaton, H. L. Edwards, Howard Elliott, Chas. Lapenskiel, David G. Evans, Alex. Linton, W. E. Ketchel, J. L. Ford, J. Fowler, Joe. D. Filley, G. A. Linkenburgh, W. C. Fordyce, Julius B. Fox, D. H. Francis, T. H. Francis, H. B. Gamble, Wm. A. Gardner, J. H. Gerneau, Pierre Gerneau, W. O. Garrison, R. J. Glasgow, Jr.; Emile Hogen, Lindell Gordon, H. B. Graham, Henj. Gratz, W. L. Green, Jr.; N. B. Gregg, W. H. Gregg, Jr.; Wm. H. Gregg, Br; W. E. Guy, G. W. Garrels, H. C. Hearnick, W. T. Hearnick, A. B. Hart, J. G. Hawley, J. M. Hayes, H. D. Hayward, Oscar Herf, Walker Hill, P. G. Hampton, Rna, T. R. Collins, C. D. Colman, Isaac Cook, Jr., J. S. Craven, G. L. Crawford, Eugene R. Coendet, Samuel Cupples, R. C. Dameron, H. N. Davis, J. D. Davis, John, E. Davis, R. C. Davis, John, G. F. DeLaney, Geo. P. Deane, Jr.; B. M. Deeds, W. R. Donaldson, L. D. Dwyer, G. S. Drake, F. A. Drew, H. H. Drummond, J. T. Drummond, P. G. Eaton, H. L. Edwards, Howard Elliott, Chas. Lapenskiel, David G. Evans, Alex. Linton, W. E. Ketchel, J. L. Ford, J. Fowler, Joe. D. Filley, G. A. Linkenburgh, W. C. Fordyce, Julius B. Fox, D. H. Francis, T. H. Francis, H. B. Gamble, Wm. A. Gardner, J. H. Gerneau, Pierre Gerneau, W. O. Garrison, R. J. Glasgow, Jr.; Emile Hogen, Lindell Gordon, H. B. Graham, Henj. Gratz, W. L. Green, Jr.; N. B. Gregg, W. H. Gregg, Jr.; Wm. H. Gregg, Br; W. E. Guy, G. W. Garrels, H. C. Hearnick, W. T. Hearnick, A. B. Hart, J. G. Hawley, J. M. Hayes, H. D. Hayward, Oscar Herf, Walker Hill, P. G. Hampton,



THE SHRUBS

How do you DO-o-o-o! HOW do you do!! WE'RE NOT THE VEGETABLE SISTERS, NOR THE 'RUBES' WE LOOK TO BE. WE'RE JUST SOME AWKWARD TWISTERS QUITE RIDICULOUS, AS YOU SEE.

WE'RE THE PRETTIEST HOMELY GIRLS AND CAN ALWAYS MAKE YOU LAUGH AND SOME DAY OUR BOWS AND TWIRLS YOU'LL SEE IN THE BIOGRAPH.

- THE FAMOUS PUDDING BROTHERS' MODEL FOR '98. -



The favorites appear again
Upon the mimic stage.
With wondrous feats they still remain
The marvels of the age



Now Tapioca twirls his wand
And Rice puffs clouds of smoke.
In time to music from the band
They juggle and they joke



With seeming magic in his art,
Rice blows out curling rings,
While Tapioca plays his part
And shapes the fleecy things



Behold them now! Two curling wheels
Are there upon the floor
These Tapioca deftly reels
While Rice keeps puffing more



Smoke frames and saddles, bars and brake!
Did ever see the like
Of this for novelty of make—
The Pudding Brothers' bike?



They now retire 'mid loud applause,
With every record broke,
But then, you know, they "scorched" because
Their bike was made of smoke!

R. L. M'C.

THE COON ALPHABET - WITH PICTURES FROM DIXIE LAND

S is fo' Sammy
what shot at some game
but de object he hit—



1

—was his daddy what's lame.



2

T is fo' Tilly
who is swingin' so high
but when de rope busted—



T

—she lit in de cugst.



2

THE MISCHIEVOUS BABE AND THE PINCUSHION





O NOTHING, NOTHING. WE
HAVE JUST BEEN TRYING
INDOOR GOLF



LEC

W. W. Dym

IN THE TRAIN OF THE LEONIDS

BY HOW COULD I HELP IT IN THE FOOT

TO THE LONDON